

### SELF CONTROL.

Self control is the first condition of all achievement. It is said that the first sign of insanity is the loss of self control. When a person is no longer the master of his own acts he is not only in danger, but any degree of achievement is impossible to him. Every thought tends to result in an act, so that thought always leads. The mental attitude at any moment is the pattern which the life processes weave.

### Discrediting an Astrologer.

A certain king, says a tale from the Persian, asked an astrologer, "How many years of life remain to me?" The wise man replied, "Ten." The king became very despondent and betook himself, as one stricken with a sickness, to his bed. His vizier, who possessed great wisdom, sent for the seer and in the king's presence asked him, "How many years have you to live?" He replied, "Twenty." The vizier ordered that he should that very hour be executed in the king's presence. The king was satisfied and commended the sagacity of his minister and no longer attached any importance to the astrologer's saying.

### The Artist and His Work.

The great artists, like the great heroes, have always done whatever came to hand.

Michelangelo grumbled and said he was a sculptor when Julius II. set him to paint, but he painted the roof of the Sistine chapel. Shakespeare chafed at the popularity of the fool in the drama of his time and then produced the fool in "Lear."

If either of them had waited for perfect conditions and an inspiration untrammelled by circumstances he would have done nothing. They produced masterpieces because they made the best of things as they were. And this is the business of the artist in life.—London Times.

### He Thought Right.

Two of Britain's greatest fighters, Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, and the Duke of Wellington, nicknamed "Old Noses," met but once in their lives, and that meeting occurred in the little hall at 10 Downing street.

Beside the quaint old fireplace there those present entered into a general conversation, and Nelson was so impressed with the duke that he asked a servant who was the man with the striking nose.

"Major General Sir Arthur Wellesley, my lord," replied the servant, astounded at the sailor's ignorance.

"Ah!" said Nelson. "I thought he was no common man."—National Magazine.

### Lifting a Child.

"I wish," said the woman who has children of her own, "that women would understand the delicate mechanism of a child. How would they like a giant to come along and suddenly drag them from the ground by one arm, as I have seen so many people do to children? When you're lifting a child lift it evenly by both arms or from the waist. Don't yank it up by a grab at one wrist and then wonder why it cries. It makes me so angry I always want to pull the arm of that inconsiderate woman hard and see if she wouldn't cry too. It's a thing that mothers and aunts and sisters ought to learn."

### Eskimo Lamps.

It is believed that the Eskimo lamp was invented before its possessors emigrated from their original home, which was probably farther south and near the seacoast. But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is. The lamps of southern Alaska have a wide edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and northern Greenland have wide edges of seventeen to thirty-six inches. The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking water, for cooking, lighting, warming, drying skins and in the arts. It is also a social factor and the sign of the family unit, each head of the family having his lamp.

### Discounting a Promise.

The Smith family owed the grocer \$40. He accordingly shut down on all supplies. The Smith family then promised to pay \$5 on account on Saturday night. Then, but not till then, the grocer would consent to resume relations.

Well, nothing was heard of the Smith family for two days. Two days later, on a Thursday morning, little Millie Smith turned up with a market basket at the grocery and said:

"Say, Mr. Prunes, mom says will you let her have two slices of ham and a pound of coffee out of that there five spot she's promised ye for Saturday?"—Detroit Free Press.

### The Bean Blossom.

The dark spot in the center of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to natural black in any flower. In modern war it now costs on the average about \$15,000 to kill a man. In the Beer war this expense ran up to nearly \$40,000.

The plum, which was among the earliest of fruits to be cultivated and was raised when Thebes, Memphis and Damascus were in their glory, also grows wild in Asia, America and southern Europe.

The present week of seven days, without reference to solar or lunar cycles, was adopted by the Egyptian astronomers something more than 8,000 years ago.

## HOW I BECAME FAMOUS

By BARBARA PHIPPS

We go through the world seldom taking note that our every condition is due to some insignificant cause. I am a literary woman whose works are universally read. I am married to a literary man whose works are a drug in the market. And yet when I met him he stood high with litterateurs, while I had not yet written a line. What was the insignificant cause of this bouleversement?

I will tell you.

One summer—I was then twenty-two years old—I got out my trunk to pack it before going to the country to spend a month at the Sacacachet inn, Glenwood. The trunk was so dilapidated that I dared not trust it in the hands of baggage smashers. I could not well afford a new one, but went out to see what I could do in the matter. I hit upon a secondhand trunk too good to be called such, and bought it for a reasonable price. On one end were the letters S. L. O. Those were not my initials, and I directed the seller to erase them and put mine there instead. When the trunk was delivered to me he had neglected to do so. I had not time to send it back, so took it away with me as it was.

In the reading room I took up a city newspaper, and my eye fell on notices of the movements of celebrities. One was as follows: "Miss Sarah Louise Olmstead is spending the month of July at the Sacacachet inn, at Glenwood." Miss Olmstead was a novelist of reputation. I congratulated myself that I would have an opportunity to meet her.

I was sitting on the hotel piazza in the evening twilight when a gentleman stepped up to me and said deferentially:

"Miss Olmstead, we scribblers, I presume, do not need an introduction. I am Sidney Hall. May I claim your acquaintance? I have enjoyed your works immensely and have felt that if my especial line and yours could be joined we could do something remarkable. I am fortunate in meeting you here, and with your permission I will explain what I have in mind."

While he was saying this a light was breaking in on my dull brain. I had been taken for the famous Miss Olmstead. At the same time a desire to see if something interesting might not come of the mistake, as well as curiosity, led me to ask Mr. Hall what had led to the discovery of my identity. He told me that my initials on the end of my trunk had been observed and a newspaper had announced my coming. It was evident that the real celebrity had not arrived or, if she had, was incognito.

I formed no plan with regard to personating Miss Olmstead; I simply drifted into doing so. She did not appear to expose me, and it would not have troubled me if she had, for I permitted Mr. Hall especially to continue in error simply for a lark. I listened to his plans for collaboration between us with interest and was reckless enough to assent to them.

He left the inn early the next morning, but during the evening I spent with him he elaborated his scheme, and I promised to devote myself during the next few days to laying down a skeleton of the work he proposed. The truth is I was quite delighted with his proposition and eager to see if I could make any success of my part of it.

In a couple of days I sent Mr. Hall the result of my labors, and he wrote me that he was delighted with it. His reply, addressed to Miss Olmstead, was put in my box by the hotel clerk. I wrote my collaborator that I would continue my work, suggested that he proceed with his part and as soon as I returned to the city he might call on me and we would confer further.

Of course there must soon come an end to all this, and in truth my recklessness in playing the part of another soon began to wear on me and caused an earlier return to the city than I had expected. As soon as I arrived I notified Mr. Hall. He came to see me, and I confessed to him that I was not Miss Olmstead, I was not a scribbler and knew nothing about writing fiction. He looked at me, dumfounded and incredulous, for a few moments, then said:

"Whoever and whatever you are, you have laid down a scheme for a novel so original and capable of being worked to advantage that it will surely be a success. All I ask that you act with me in carrying it out." Within a year our novel, "A Matrimonial Venture," was published and was the literary success of the year. Before its publication Mr. Hall and I perpetrated another matrimonial venture which was equally successful. My literary venture was followed up by another work independent of my husband, and from that day, while my lightweight productions continued to grow in favor, his deeper ones gradually lost caste. This I regarded as a proof of my insipidity and of his real value. Had it not been for his suggestions in our joint novel there would have been no real merit in it. It gave me the entry to the reading public.

Whether the real Miss Olmstead ever heard of the mistake in my being taken for her I have never learned. I think the notice of her going to Glenwood was a mistake or perhaps she intended to go there and changed her plans. Had I not kept my room doing my literary planning I would doubtless have been approached by some friend of hers and the error discovered.

### DON'T FOOL YOURSELF.

There's just one person you can fool all the time. You can't fool the public, nor God, nor your family, nor the children, but you can fool yourself every day in the week.—Corra Harris.

### Cautious.

"How old do you think Kate is?"  
"Oh, twenty-four is a safe guess."  
"What do you mean by a safe guess?"  
"In case she heard of my saying it."—Exchange.

### Mutual Inquiries.

His Father—Can your daughter keep the right kind of a home for my son Bob?  
Her Father—Can your son provide a home for my girl to keep?—Baltimore American.

### Her Funny Face.

"She has an automobile face."  
"Why, she doesn't own an auto."  
"I know; but that peculiar expression of hers was caused by her making faces at people who have."—Florida Times-Union.

### A Jewel.

"Are you satisfied with your new maid?"  
"Very. She's too old to get married and too fat to wear my things, so I think we'll be able to keep her."—Detroit Free Press.

### His Choice.

Kindly Old Man—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?

Little Man—I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothin' to do but walk around and ask questions.

### A Happy Accident.

"I bet your father had trouble reading your lefthanded letter."  
"Fortunately for me, he had. I told him that after the accident my temperature went to 104, and he sent me a check for the amount."—Life.

### Similarity.

Stubbs—Why is a tattered reputation like a porous plaster? Grubbs—Because, I suppose, "it sticketh closer than a brother." Stubbs—Not at all. Because it has holes in it.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

### Snubbed.

"Why do you look so subdued and humbled?"  
"I've just called on my wife's folks."

### On the Spur of the Moment.

"Walter, these eggs are as hard as stone. I told you not to boil them more than three minutes and a half."  
"Yes, sir; that's just the time they were in to a second, but the—water was hard, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

### Economical Reasons.

"Why does a dog chase his tail?"  
"To make both ends meet, you gump!"—Baltimore American.

### Cynical.

The Girl—You say that Miss Padda and Jack Pott are going to be married. Why, I didn't know they knew each other. The Cynic—They don't. That's why they are going to be married.—Boston Transcript.

### China's Greatest Famine.

A great famine occurred in China in 1342, and it has been estimated that 100,000,000 people perished therefrom. Scotland has the first drawbridge in the world in which all the work of opening and closing it and guarding traffic over and through it is done by electricity.

### Which Was Far Worse.

Williamson—Does your wife always have the last word? Henderson—Well, if she doesn't, old fellow, she looks it.

### A Judicial Reproof.

A justice once reproved a would-be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."

### Wise Kossair!

Reginald—Darling, I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on \$4 a week. Do you think it possible?

Rosalind—No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you!

### How it Happened.

"Strange one of your twins is blond and the other is a brunette."

"Well, we never could afford a maid. I washed one child and my husband washed the other, and that one grew up dark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### She Felt the Same.

He gazed longingly into her eyes. "I am very, very fond of you, Miss Evelyn," he whispered.

"Then we shall get along wonderfully. I am very fond of myself."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is estimated that the annual loss to agriculture in this country from the depredations of insects and rodents is \$10,000,000,000—about \$1 a month for every man, woman and child in the United States.

### Corroborative Detail.

"Had that talkative woman any proof to offer that she had really climbed the Alps?"

"Oh, yes; she wore a Swiss dress, and her chatter was an avalanche of words."—Baltimore American.

### Awkwardly Expressed.

Gushing Lady—I hear you've been away for your health, professor. Musical Lion—Yes. I've been at Marlenbad taking the baths. Gushing Lady—Really! That must have been a change for you!—London Opinion.

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## I. E. THOMAS

**Squint and Tuberculosis.**  
Squint is a sign of a predisposition to tuberculosis, according to Dr. W. C. Rivers, who writes to the Lancet announcing it and adding that the only previous observation of the kind is by Homer, whose picture of Thersites, Cross eyed he was, and halting moved on legs ill paired; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast Contracted, pinched it, . . . was, according to Dr. Rivers, "drawn from a tuberculosis cripple of soured disposition."

### Lengthy and Monotonous.

One of the most curious contracts entered into by an operatic artist was that agreed to by Farnell. When he visited Spain, Philip V. was suffering from mental depression, from which nothing aroused him until the arrival of Farnell. The queen was so delighted to see her royal spouse once more interested that she engaged Farnell at a salary of \$10,000 to remain in Madrid. This he did, singing the same four songs to the king every night for ten years.

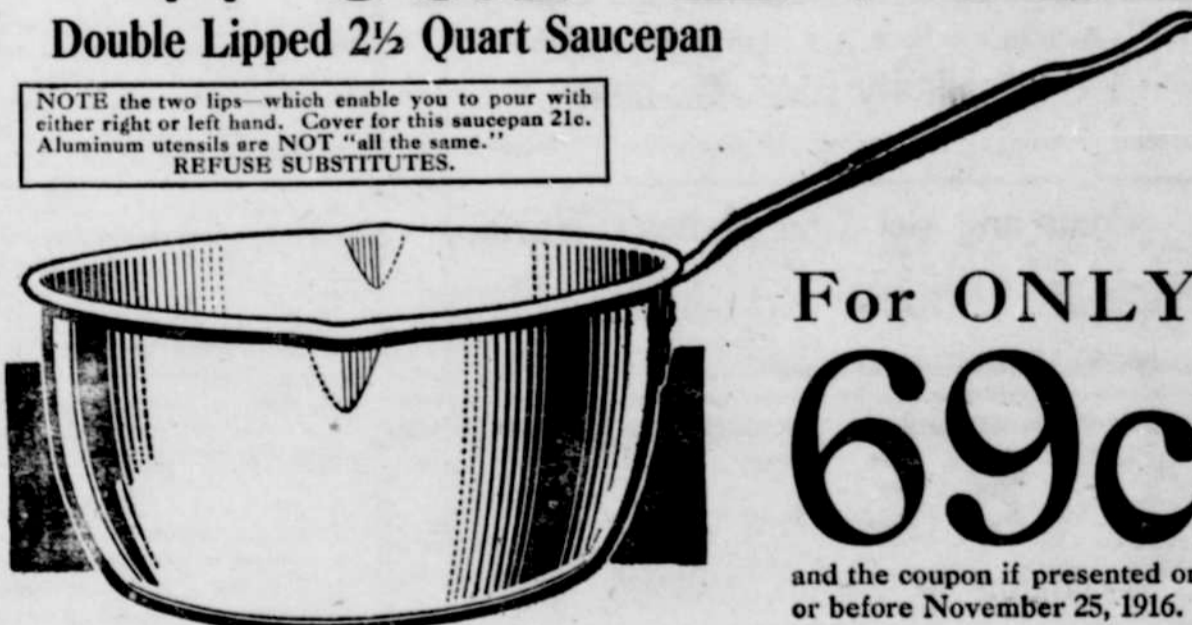
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